

ДМИТРИЙ ВЕЛЬДЯУСКАС

My Version of Hitchhiker's Guide
to the Galaxy

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First edition

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Contents

I The Beginning of Newfound friends of Arthur Dent

1	A Milky Way Adventure of Arthur Dent and His Friends	3
2	Gathering of Galaxies	8
3	The Ancient Artifact of All Things	13
4	The Government of the Galaxy	18
5	The Alien Invasion (That Wasn't)	22
6	Slartibartfast and the Fjords of Time	25
7	The Restaurant of the Time Travel	27
8	The Betelgeusian and Arcturian Individuals	29
9	The Belcerebon's Antiquity & The Various Alien Race Mall...	31
10	Eddie The Computer and Marvin The Robot has New AI Robot...	33
11	The Television of The Children	55
12	The Guide of The Galaxy Encyclopedia Wikipedia	72

II The Second Journey

13	The Time Traveling Lady from Present Day	81
14	The Newly Alien Race Government	92

I

The Beginning of Newfound friends
of Arthur Dent

1

A Milky Way Adventure of Arthur Dent and His Friends

The sun rose over the gentle, rolling hills of the English countryside for the final time, though Arthur Dent was blissfully unaware of this fact. His primary concern, upon stumbling from his bed and peering through the curtains, was the distinctly yellow and malevolent-looking bulldozer parked a mere twenty feet from his kitchen.

“Oh, for heaven’s sake,” he muttered, pulling on his dressing gown with a sense of righteous indignation. It was then, as he squinted at the machine of terrestrial destruction, that he saw it. Parked behind the bulldozer, as if it owned the place (which, in a way, it was about to), was a spaceship. It wasn’t a sleek, silver dart, but a chaotically designed vessel painted in vibrant, clashing hues of cerulean, magenta, and what can

only be described as “irritated orange.” It looked less like a feat of engineering and more like a confused tropical bird that had crash-landed after a particularly wild party.

Leaning against this psychedelic eyesore was a figure in an equally colorful spacesuit. The suit had unnecessary fins, a helmet shaped like a slightly squashed teardrop, and a pattern that seemed to swirl if you looked at it for too long. The figure saw Arthur gawping and gave a cheerful wave. A moment later, the helmet retracted with a soft hiss-pop.

Arthur’s brain, which was still prioritising the kettle, struggled to process the sight. The alien man looked, for all intents and purposes, like a 26-year-old human of African-American descent, albeit one with impeccably sharp cheekbones and an air of cosmic nonchalance. He was munching on a peanut butter and banana sandwich he’d apparently sourced from Arthur’s kitchen.

“You’re an alien,” Arthur stated, because it was the only thing that seemed remotely accurate.

“Ford Prefect,” the alien said, offering a crumb-covered hand. “And you’re Arthur Dent. Lovely planet, shame about the whole... impending demolition thing.” As he said this, a small, slender antenna, like that of a polite cricket, popped out of his forehead, twitched thoughtfully, and then retracted again. Arthur decided not to mention it.

This was the beginning of a beautiful, if bewildering, friendship. Ford explained that the council’s bypass was the least of Arthur’s

worries, as the entire planet Earth was scheduled for demolition to make way for a new hyperspace bypass. Before Arthur could fully digest this, or the last of his bread, the garish spaceship vanished with a sound like a disappointed sigh.

Their rescue, however, was short-lived. They were almost immediately abducted by a different, far less cheerful vessel—a grim, grey block of a ship that looked like a flying civil service office.

They found themselves in the presence of the Vogons: a race of grotesque, grey-skinned, obesity-prone humanoids. They weren't evil in the mustache-twirling sense; they were bureaucrats. Galactic-grade, stamp-wielding, form-triplicating bureaucrats. And they had very, very bad tempers. Their callousness was not born of malice, but of a profound irritation at having their paperwork interrupted.

After a truly soul-crushing experience involving a recitation of Vagon poetry (Form G-7b, "Ode to a Lint Filter"), Arthur and Ford were sentenced to be jettisoned into the vacuum of space for filing their 'Unexpected Guest' forms in the wrong tray.

As they tumbled into the silent, airless black, Arthur felt a peculiar sense of calm, largely because his brain had given up. But then, with a sound like a universe-sized bubble of champagne popping, a ship appeared. It was sleek, white, and impossibly cool. It was the Starship Heart of Gold, and it had been stolen.

MY VERSION OF HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY



A MILKY WAY ADVENTURE OF ARTHUR DENT AND HIS FRIENDS



Gathering of Galaxies

They were escorted to the bridge by a robot. Arthur had braced himself for a clanking, menacing thing, but this one moved with a serene, fluid grace.

“I am Marvin,” the robot said, his voice a calm, measured baritone. “Your presence on the bridge is anticipated. Please follow me. I have calculated the optimal route to avoid scuffing the floor polish.”

“He seems... quite normal,” Arthur whispered to Ford.

“Oh, he is,” Ford whispered back. “His programming is just so advanced that he’s achieved a state of perpetual, placid acceptance. He’s not paranoid, just profoundly aware of how utterly trivial everything is.”

On the bridge, they met the thieves. The first was a young woman with sharp, intelligent eyes, who Arthur vaguely remembered trying to talk to about quantum mechanics at a party in

Islington while holding two glasses of cheap Grape Juice. Her name was Trillian.

The second was the pilot, a flamboyant figure with an extra head and a third arm, who grinned at them with reckless bravado.

“Zaphod Beeblebrox!” he announced, both heads speaking in unison. “President of the Galaxy, part-time rogue, and full-time styling nightmare. Ford, baby! And you brought a human! I dig the dressing gown.”



GATHERING OF GALAXIES





3

The Ancient Artifact of All Things

Zaphod, it turned out, hadn't stolen the Heart of Gold and its revolutionary Infinite Improbability Drive on a mere whim. He was searching for the legend of the "Cosmic Constant," an ancient artifact said to predate the universe itself. It wasn't a weapon or a source of power, but a foundational piece of reality—the one object in all of creation that was, as the Guide put it, "reliably, boringly consistent."

Their quest led them across bizarre galaxies. They met the Silken Ffolk of Syxxx, a race who communicated entirely through the intricate folding of origami, and the Gargle Blasters of Blargon 7, beings of pure sound who considered silence a cardinal sin. On each world, they found a clue—a fragment of a map, a resonant frequency, a perfectly folded paper crane that, when unfolded, revealed a star chart.

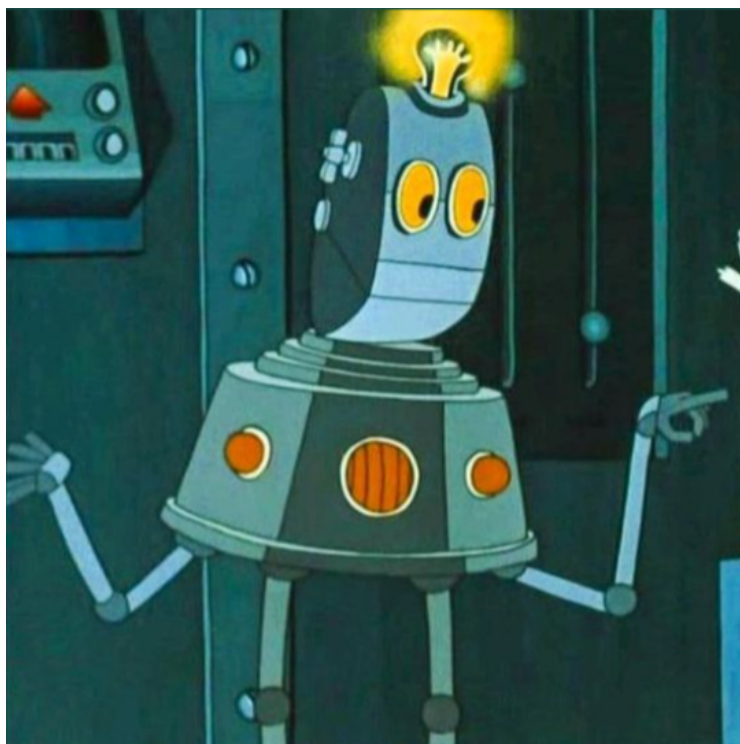
The trail finally led to a silent, forgotten world at the edge of a nebula. In a cavern that defied geometry, they found it. The Cosmic Constant was not a glowing orb or a stone tablet. It was

a simple, white, porcelain mug. On it, in cheerful, unassuming letters, were the words: "World's Best Archaeologist."

Arthur stared. It was the mug he'd been given by his team after a minor dig in Sussex. He'd lost it years ago.



THE ANCIENT ARTIFACT OF ALL THINGS

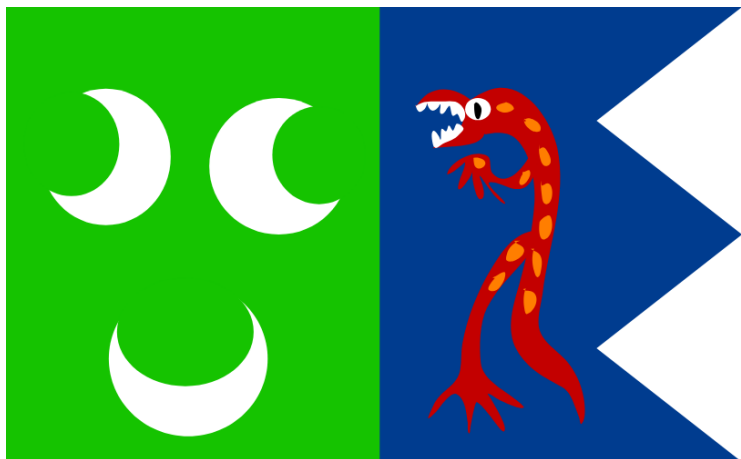




THE ANCIENT ARTIFACT OF ALL THINGS



The Government of the Galaxy



THE GOVERNMENT OF THE GALAXY





The mystery deepened when a fleet of sleek, official ships descended upon the planet. This was the Galactic Government, and they were not happy. The Cosmic Constant, they explained, was the universe's keystone. Its removal was causing reality to become... creative. The laws of physics were starting to vote on new regulations, and bureaucracy was spilling into the very fabric of spacetime.

A stern, jellyfish-like official named Procurator General Jeltz (a distant cousin of the Vogon commander) laid out the charges: "Grand Theft Reality, Unauthorized Existential Tampering, and

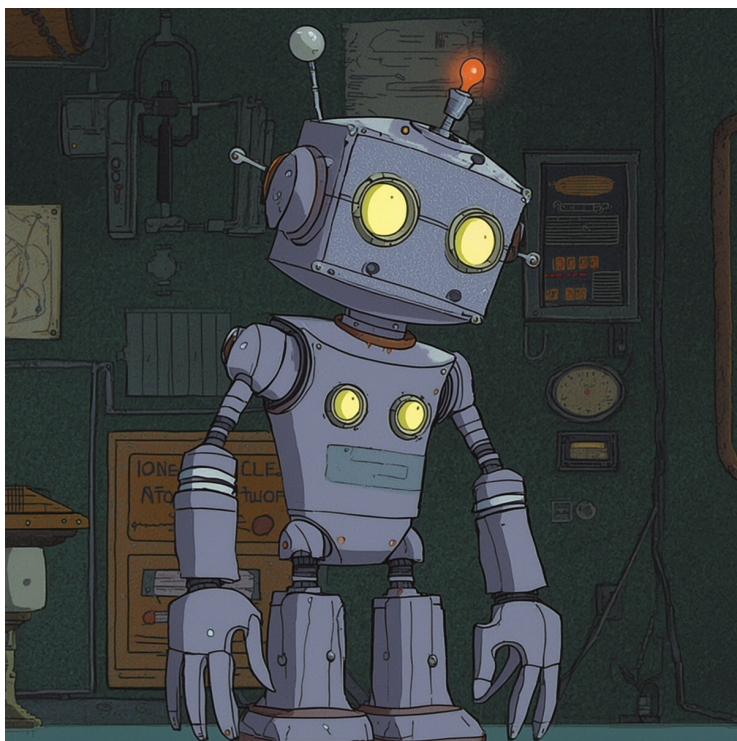
Failing to Complete a Change-of-Universe-Constant Form 9B.”

The ensuing trial was a masterpiece of red tape. Zaphod argued that as President, he was merely redecorating. Ford produced a fake press pass. Trillian calculated the statistical improbability of the entire situation. Marvin calmly pointed out seventeen separate procedural errors in the court’s own existence.

In the end, it was Arthur, the archaeologist, who understood. He hadn’t just dug up old pottery; he’d been subconsciously drawn to the foundational layers of things. The mug wasn’t just his; it was a focal point, an anchor he had somehow imbued with meaning in a meaningless universe. His connection to the past had made him a living link to the universe’s most stable object.

5

The Alien Invasion (That Wasn't)



Just as Arthur was explaining this, a massive shadow fell over the proceedings. A new fleet arrived—jagged, brutalist ships belonging to the Krikkits, a race of single-minded, xenophobic insects who believed the rest of the universe was a messy and unnecessary distraction. They had come to “cleanse” the cosmic irregularity, starting with everyone in the room.

This was the invasion everyone had feared. But with the Cosmic Constant in a state of flux, their weapons behaved erratically. Laser beams turned into bouquets of flowers, and plasma missiles transmuted into harmless custard.

In the chaos, Arthur did the only thing that made sense. He walked onto the bridge of the lead Krikkit ship, holding his mug.

“Tea?” he asked the stunned Krikkit commander.

The sheer, overwhelming normality of the gesture, amplified by the mug’s constant nature, short-circuited the Krikkits’ aggressive programming. They were so baffled by the offer, so confounded by this utterly illogical act of British-Canadian politeness in the face of annihilation, that they simply shut down.

The galaxy was saved, not by a weapon, but by a cup of tea.

Back on the (re-calibrated) Heart of Gold, Arthur took a sip from his mug. Zaphod was planning his next heist, Trillian was charting the newly re-stabilized universe, and Ford was trying to explain to the ship’s computer how to make a decent sandwich.

Marvin the android glided past. “You see?” he said calmly to Arthur. “I told you it was trivial.”

And for the first time since it had all begun, Arthur Dent, archaeologist and accidental saviour of all existence, felt that might just be true.

Slartibartfast and the Fjords of Time

The stabilization of the Cosmic Constant had an unexpected side effect: it created temporary, shimmering rifts in spacetime. One such rift deposited the Heart of Gold not in a different place, but in a different when. They found themselves orbiting a planet under construction. Girders of starlight and nebulae-gaseous plaster swirled around a partially formed world.

Their ship was hailed by a graceful, pearlescent vessel. Its sole occupant was an elderly gentleman with kind, twinkling eyes, dressed in what appeared to be the galactic equivalent of a tweed suit covered in drafting-table smudges.

“Slartibartfast,” he introduced himself, shaking Arthur’s hand with a grip that felt like warm, polished wood. “Planetary Architect, Emeritus Archeologist, and part-time Technician for the finer details. You’ve caused quite a stir with your mug, young man.”

He explained that this was Magrathea, the legendary planet-

building factory. He was the one who had designed the Earth's fjords (a project for which he won an award) and had, as a hobby, been studying the "foundational artifacts" left over from the previous universe. Arthur's mug was one such artifact.

"It has a certain... banal majesty," Slartibartfast mused, examining the "World's Best Archaeologist" text. "It resonates with a stability that we builders can only dream of. I was studying its chronal signature when you activated it, which is why you were pulled here. To the moment of its creation."

He revealed he hadn't made the mug, but had discovered its blueprint in the primordial archives. He believed Arthur was not just its owner, but its intended anchor.



The Restaurant of the Time Travel

To thank them for (unwittingly) helping his research, Slartibartfast gave them coordinates to a place beyond mere space: The Restaurant of the Time Travel.

It was a establishment that existed in a single, perpetual moment. Patrons could order a wine that hadn't been fermented yet and an appetizer that they had just finished eating in their personal future. The waitstaff were ethereal beings who experienced all of time at once, making them profoundly patient and utterly terrible at bringing the check in a timely manner.

It was here they encountered Benji and Frankie, two small, shimmering, vaguely mouse-like creatures who were arguing over a temporal ledger. They were Primordial Twins, beings who had existed since the first tick of the first clock.

"You're the Constant-Bearer," squeaked Benji, pointing a tiny, glowing paw at Arthur.

“Your linear journey is so... quaint,” added Frankie, nibbling on a piece of cheese that was both moldy and not yet made. “We’ve been auditing the universe’s balance sheet since the beginning. The recent fluctuations caused by your mug have created a lot of overtime.”

They explained that reality was a business, and the Cosmic Constant was its most reliable asset. They weren’t hostile, just concerned shareholders. Their interest in Arthur was purely professional, albeit in a way that made his head feel like it was full of bees.

8

The Betelgeusian and Arcturian Individuals

The Restaurant was also a hub for the galaxy's elite. A boisterous party approached their table, led by a towering, brash individual from Betelgeuse V, who was bragging about the size of his personal asteroid mine. With him was a serene, graceful being from Arcturus, whose skin shifted through calming hues of blue and green.

The Betelgeusian, upon learning Arthur was from Earth, guffawed. "The primitive mud-ball? I had a summer home there! Mostly underwater now, shame." He then tried to buy Arthur's mug, offering a small moon in exchange.

The Arcturian gently intervened. "Do not mistake simplicity for worthlessness," she chided her companion. "The Arcturian art of Karmic Weaving teaches us that the most profound impacts come from the smallest, most consistent threads. Your mug, Arthur Dent, is such a thread. It is... aesthetically pleasing in its constancy."

This encounter solidified a theory for Trillian: Arthur's mug wasn't just powerful; it was a cultural and economic touchstone. Its very existence challenged the grandiose and the temporary, appealing to a deep, universal yearning for something reliable.

The Belcerebon's Antiquity & The Various Alien Race Mall Guide

Their final stop, guided by a coupon Benji and Frankie gave them (“One Free Glimpse Into Cosmic Antiquity”), was the Belcerebon System, home to the Various Alien Race Mall Guide—a planet-sized shopping and information megaplex.

The Belcerebons themselves were a species obsessed with antiquity. Their entire civilization was built upon finding, cataloging, and, most importantly, selling historical artifacts. Their wing of the Mall was a labyrinth of souvenir shops selling “Genuine Vogon Poetry Fragments (Guaranteed Depressing)” and “Authentic Pre-Galactic Empire Dust.”

The Mall Guide, a voluminous digital tome updated nanosecondly, had an entire entry dedicated to Arthur Dent and his mug. It was listed under “Sentient-Anchored Reality Keystones,” with a four-star rating for “Practicality” and a one-star rating for “Pizzazz.”

The Belcerebon curators, upon recognizing Arthur, swarmed him. “Mr. Dent! A privilege! We wish to license the image of your mug! We have lunchboxes, novelty T-shirts, and a line of talking keychains planned!”

It was all too much. The bureaucracy, the corporate interest, the sheer, overwhelming noise of the cosmos. Arthur felt a profound longing for a simple, quiet English countryside that no longer existed.

He held his mug tightly. In a universe of infinite probability, time-traveling restaurants, and primordial mice, this simple, boring, constant object was his only home. And as he took a long, calming sip of the now-tepid tea, he realized that was enough. For now.

Eddie The Computer and Marvin The Robot has New AI Robot Friends

Here it seems Marvin Discovered When He Can Recalibrated His Form He Can Switch Four Forms and While Eddie can Changed into Humanoid Robot and The Computer Form, It's seems Getting Newly Discovered Animals From Parallel Universes, There Hank is Arcturian, Ford Prefect and Zaphod Beeblebrox are Both Betelgeusian Man. It's seem has a Both of Human-Like Humanoid Alien Appearance Likely. It When Showing That Zaphod Beeblebrox Has Been Splitting His Head and While his Second Head Regenerate Whole Body His Arms, His Torso and His Legs, His Skeletons and His Organs are Completed a New Brother Named Rabrox Beeblebrox who he is a Younger Brother of Zaphod Beeblebrox after Splitting up. Yet Zaphod who he still has Third Arm. While Rabrox Does Have Third Arm. Each Animals from Any kind of Parallel Universes are Discovered by Humans. Here Arthur Dent Using Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy Book yet The Narrator of The Guide To The Galaxy Told to he said "There's only Many Animals Discovered By Humans Traveling Any Universes Likely Mostly Entire Animals

Are Abducted By Humans To Introduced The Zoo”



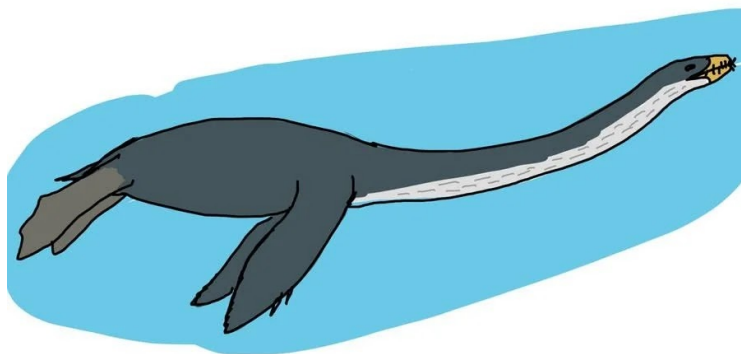
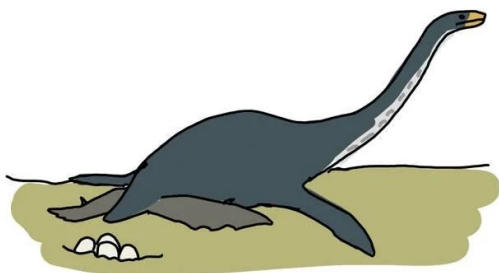
EDDIE THE COMPUTER AND MARVIN THE ROBOT HAS NEW AI ROBOT...

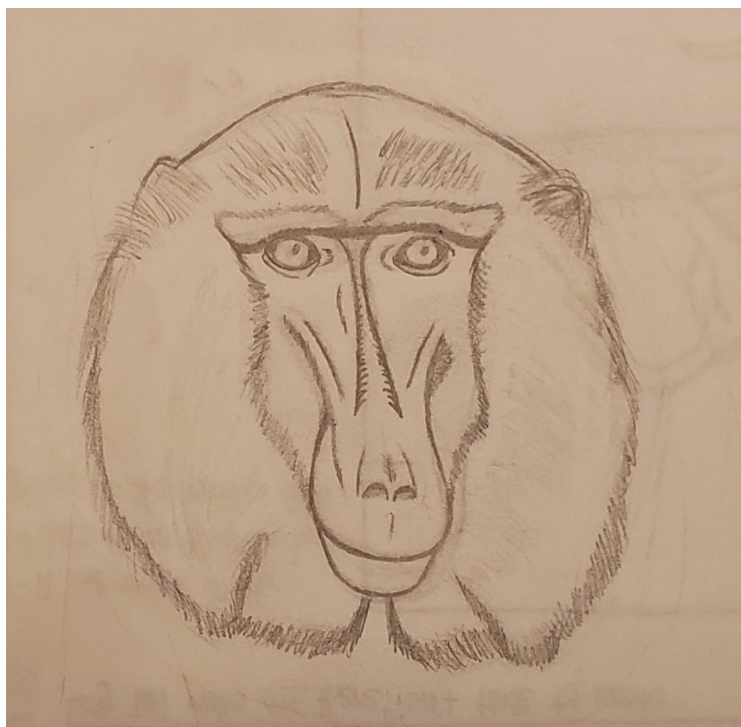


MY VERSION OF HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY



EDDIE THE COMPUTER AND MARVIN THE ROBOT HAS NEW AI ROBOT...



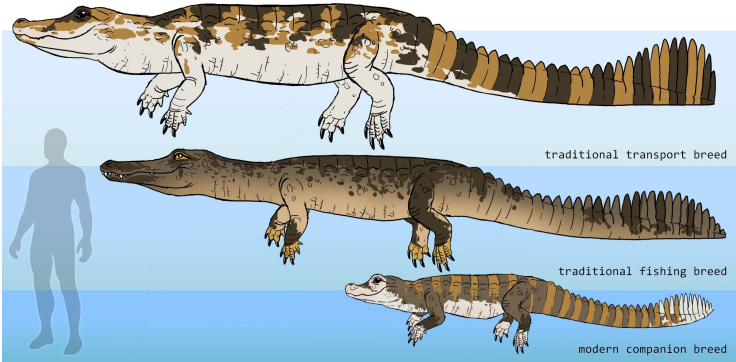


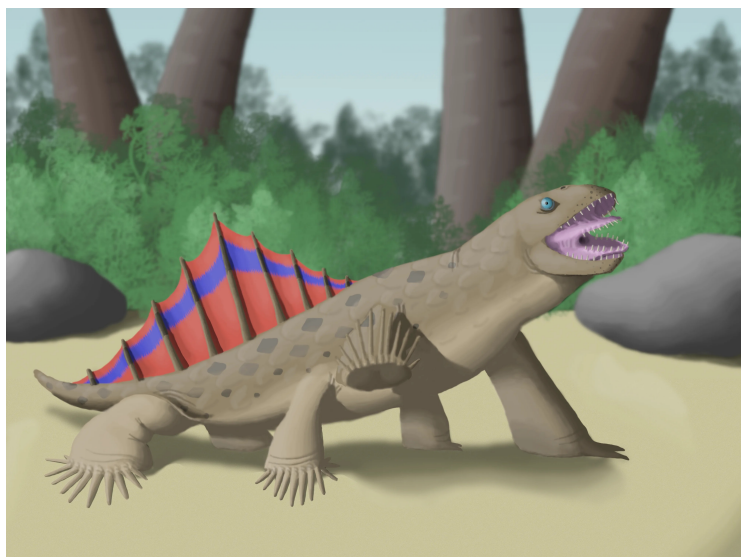
Kayma domestic alligator

u/trooodon

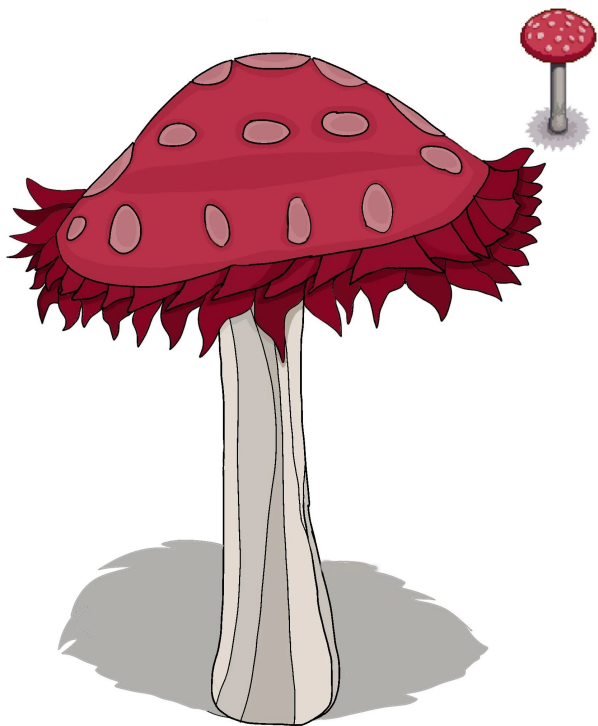
Alligator kaymus

Descendant of the American Alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*)
Believed to be domesticated around 9-12,000 years ago by Native Americans.
Historically bred for aquatic transport and fishing.
More often bred today for racing, show, and companionship.



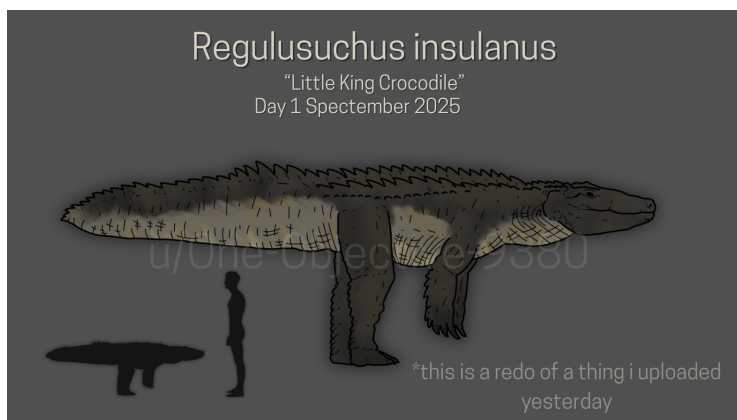


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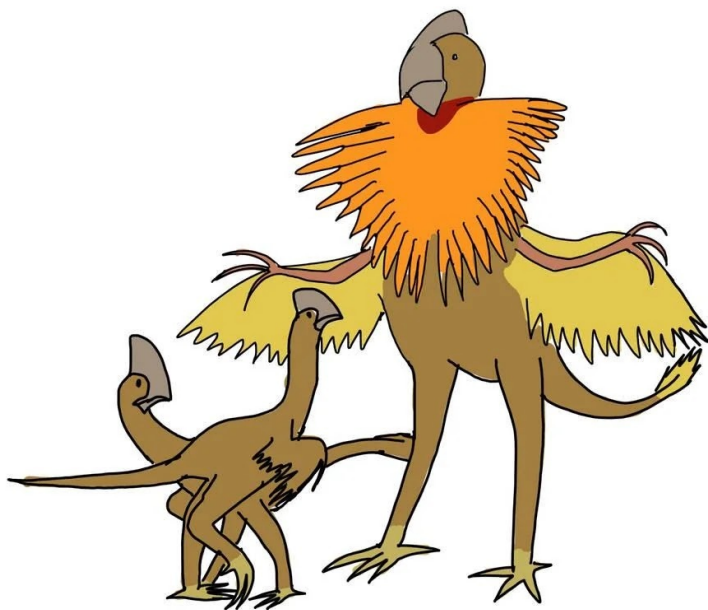


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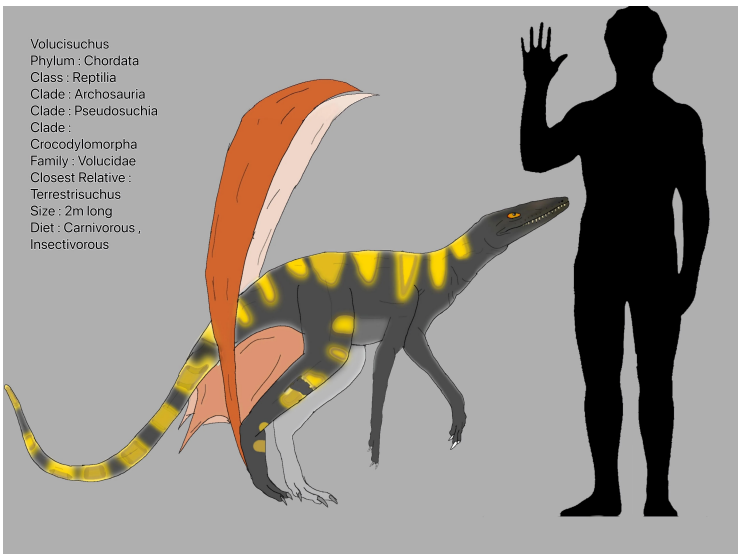




EDDIE THE COMPUTER AND MARVIN THE ROBOT HAS NEW AI ROBOT...



MY VERSION OF HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY



Volucisuchus
Phylum : Chordata
Class : Reptilia
Clade : Archosauria
Clade : Pseudosuchia
Clade :
Crocodylomorpha
Family : Volucidae
Closest Relative :
Terrestrisuchus
Size : 2m long
Diet : Carnivorous ,
Insectivorous

DAY 1- SPEC-DINOVEMBER 2025

SHORT KING - CHAMPSTANS CARNIS - "GROUND DEVOURER CAIMAN"

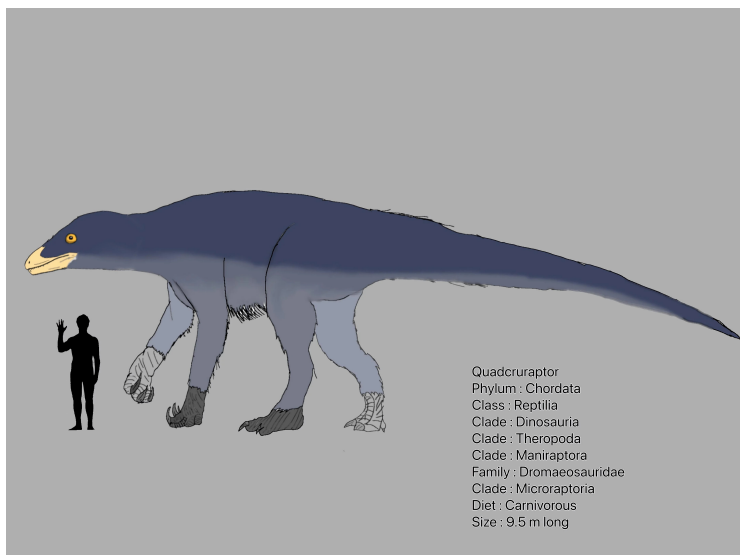
IN AN ARCHIPELAGO DURING THE TRIASSIC, IN WHAT IS NOW ENGLAND,
AN ANIMAL WAS BLESSED WITH "ISLAND GIGANTISM,"
BECOMING A TOP PREDATOR OF ITS REGION.

WITH TEETH AND JAWS ADAPTED TO CRUSH BONES IN A SINGLE BITE,
THIS ANIMAL HUNTS THROUGH AMBUSH TACTICS.

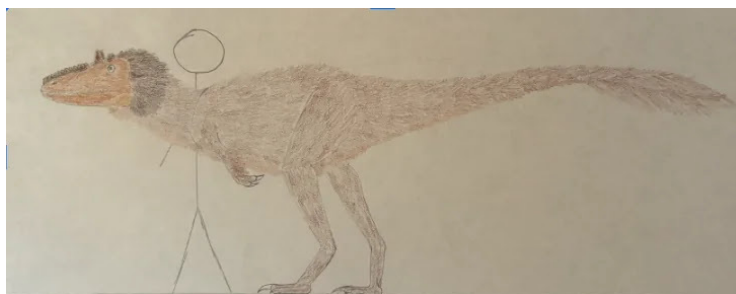
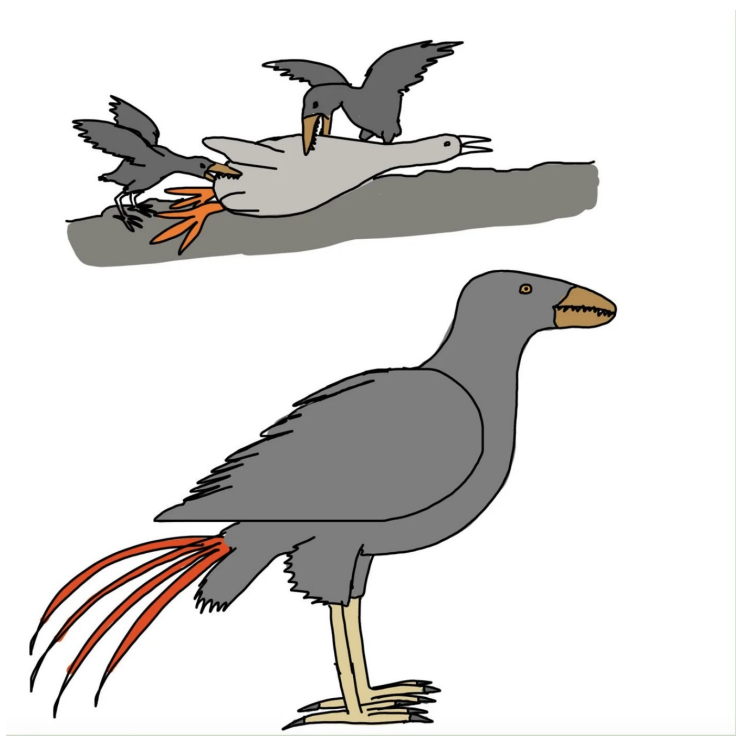
ARCHOSAURIA
└ PSEUDOSUCHIA
└ CROCODYLOMORPHA
└ SALTOPSUCHIDAE
└ CHAMPSTANS CARNIS

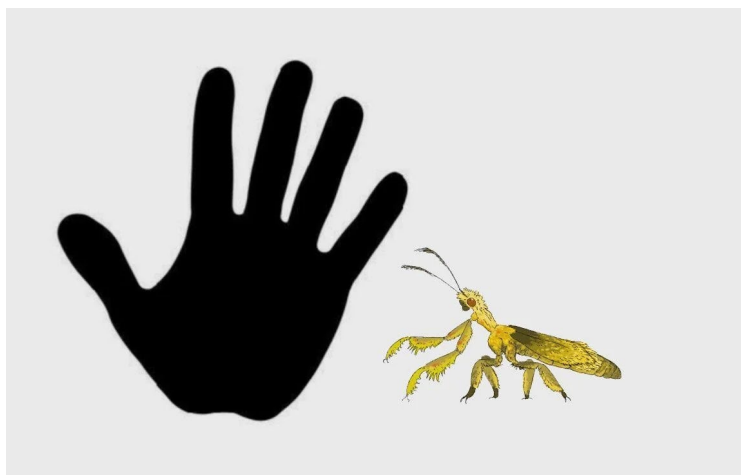


MY VERSION OF HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

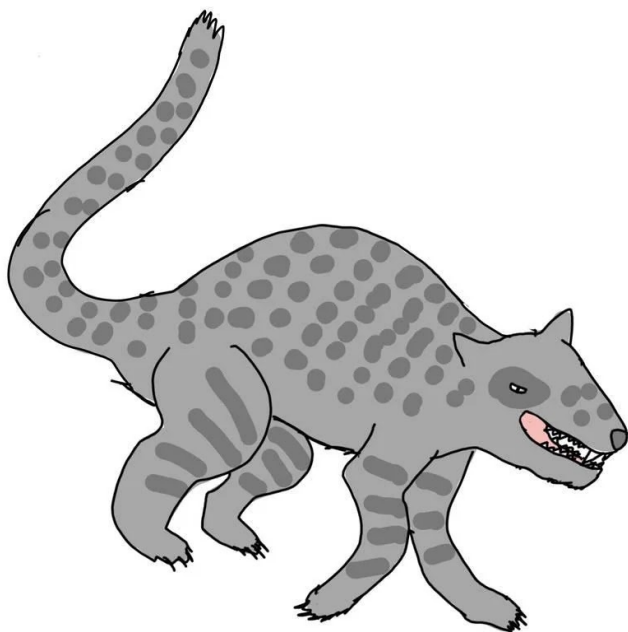


EDDIE THE COMPUTER AND MARVIN THE ROBOT HAS NEW AI ROBOT...





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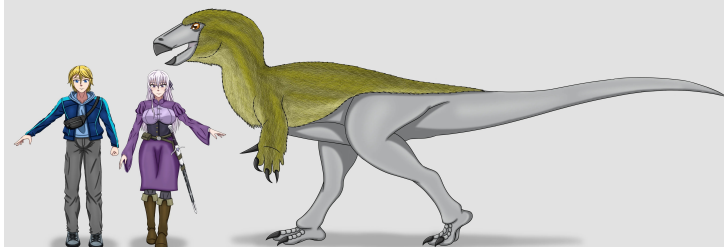




AstraPlatina

"Cavalry Drake"

Hippeidraco graminiphagus
(Cavalry Dragon Grass Eater)



"Common Loonguin"

Gaviapinguis vulgaris
(common loon penguin)



The Television of The Children



MY VERSION OF HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

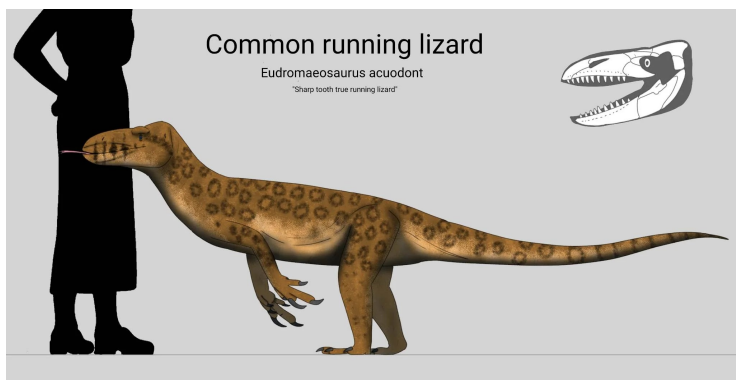




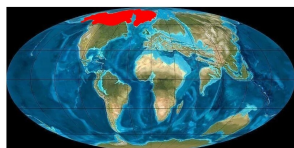
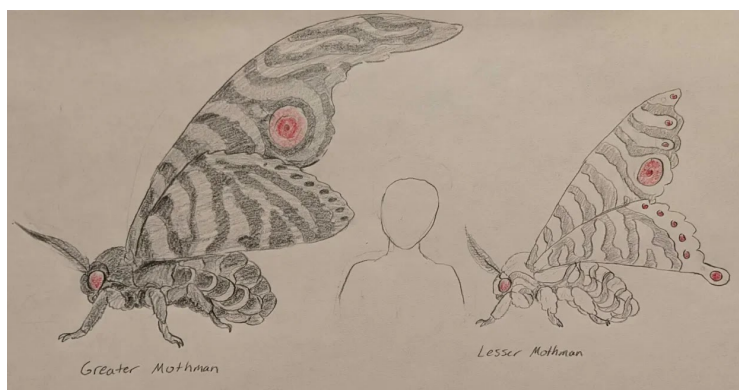


It's seems Eddie The Computer Adopted 9 Children To Entertaining Any Preschool of Orphanage To Grow Stronger and Emotional and Gain New Memories. Likely It's Newly Discovered Animals Are Still In The Zoo to Showed By Kids and Parents and Every People if The Galaxies and Entire Alien Individuals.

THE TELEVISION OF THE CHILDREN



MY VERSION OF HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

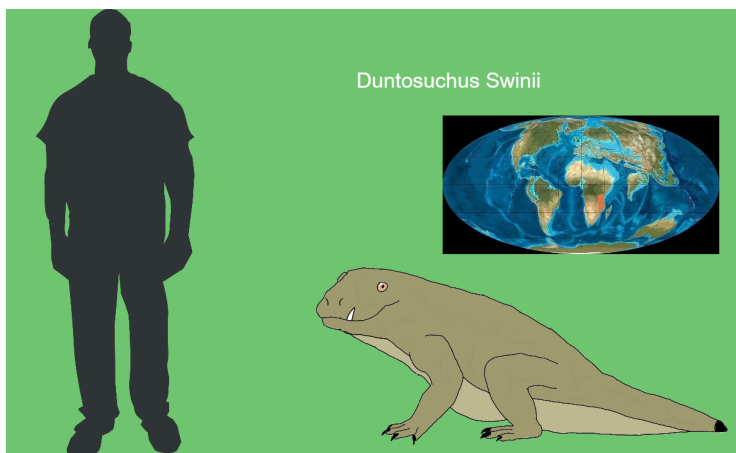
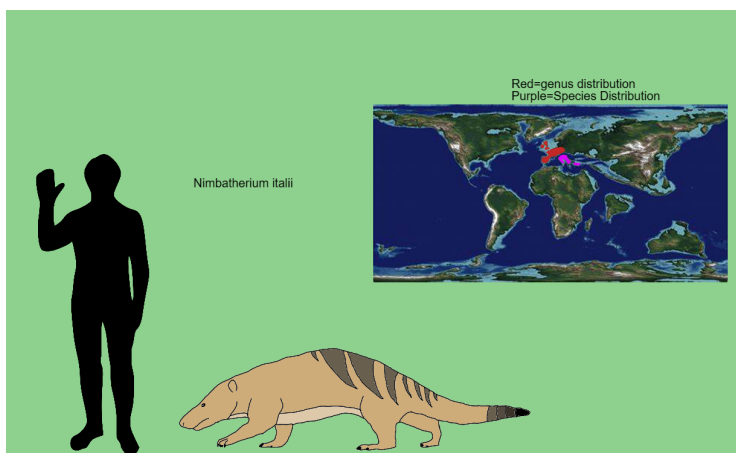


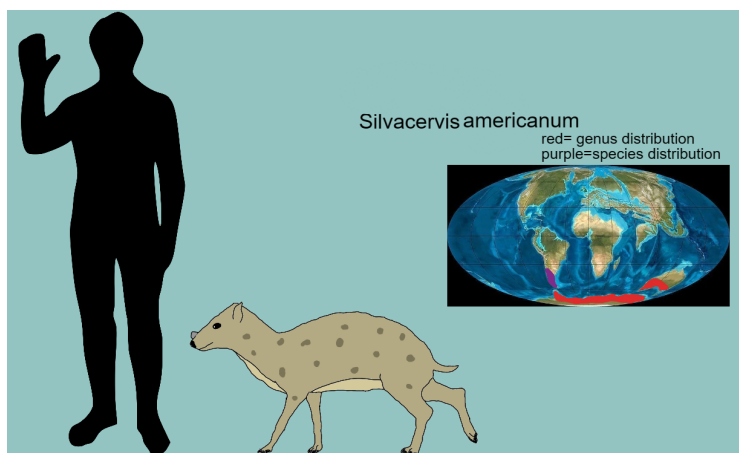
Distribution during the Selandian

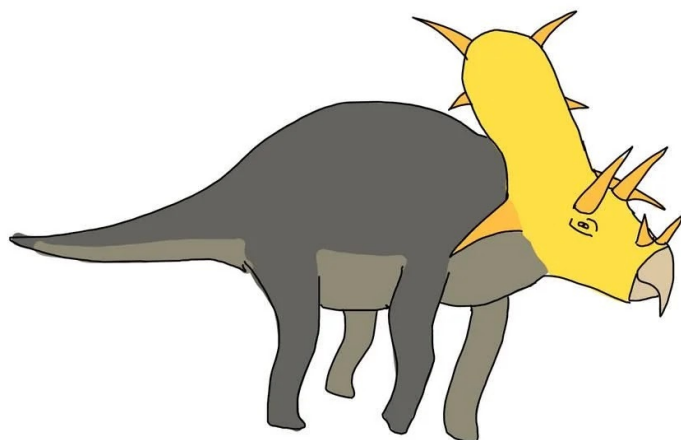
Trypanotherium griseus
(grey-digging-beast)

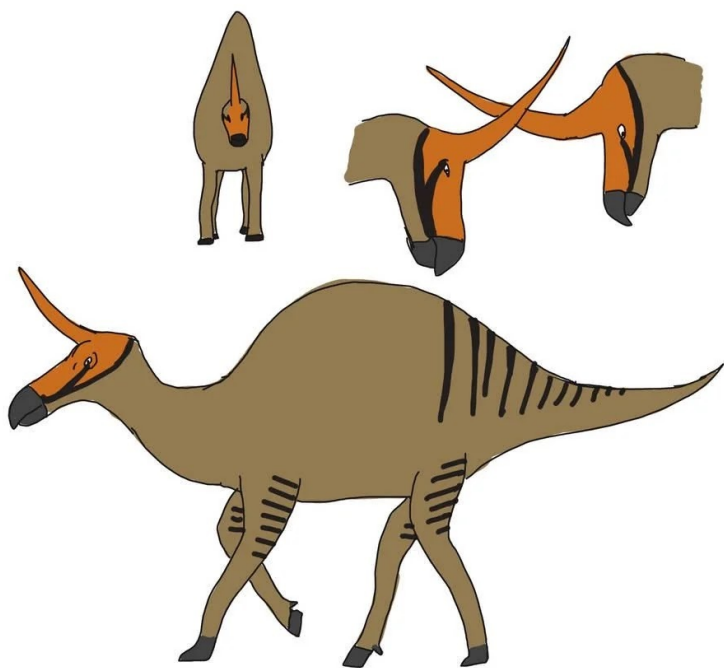


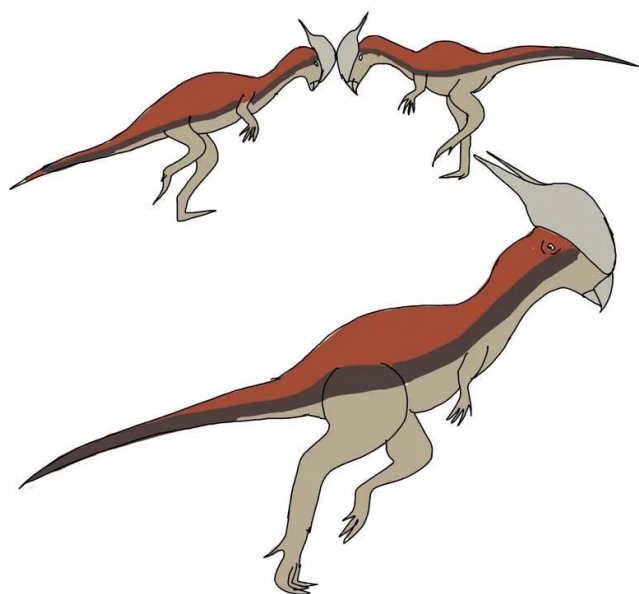
THE TELEVISION OF THE CHILDREN

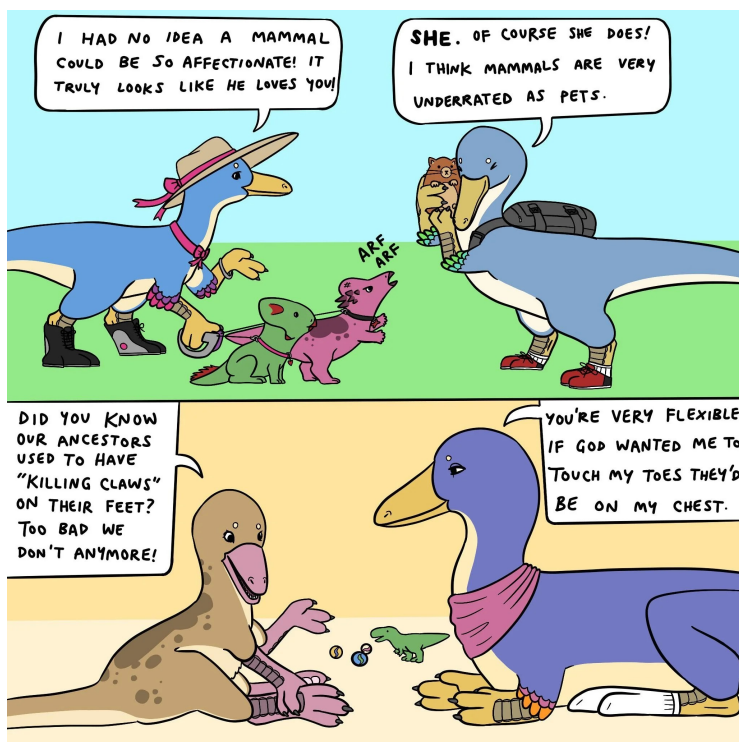










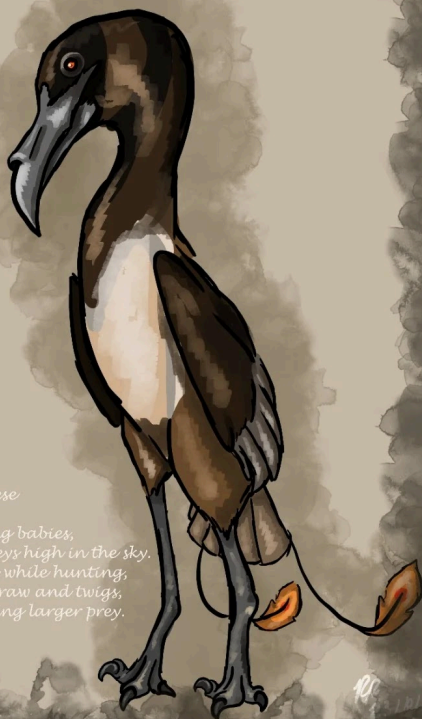




Thernurian Stork Petrel

Deiplumis logicolium

The towering bird, named the Thernurian stork petrel, is the second largest bird on the Thernurian drylands, only rivalizing the massive Anvil Beak in size. These predator birds feed on insects, lizards, snakes and rodents, sometimes they can pursue larger prey, pecking them and using their raptorial claws to grab and restrain prey. Their flag like feathers serve as communication means when these creatures hunt in packs. Unlike the folkloric storks carrying babies, these massive birds carry their preys high in the sky. They show surprising cooperation while hunting, sometimes precariously weaving straw and twigs, making a sort of basket for carrying larger prey.





Wild Foxes of the Shimmering Isles



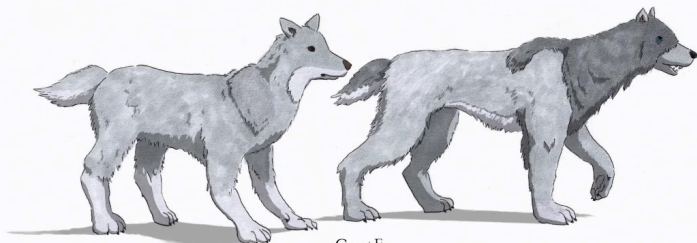
Glerantian Fox



Arctic Fox



Fleetfoot Fox



Great Fox

JOHNSWORLDS.COM



Polar Spiderbear

The polar spiderbear is a large carnivorous predator of the arctic. Polar spiderbears are much larger and hairier than other spiderbears.

Polar spider bears use six of their legs for locomotion, with the remaining two wrapped around their abdomen. Females protect their eggs this way, holding their silk insulated eggs on special grooves on their abdomen. Male abdomens are smaller and their back legs are used in mating displays.

Like other spiderbears, their pedipalps are used for grooming

A female polar spiderbear stalking the tundra

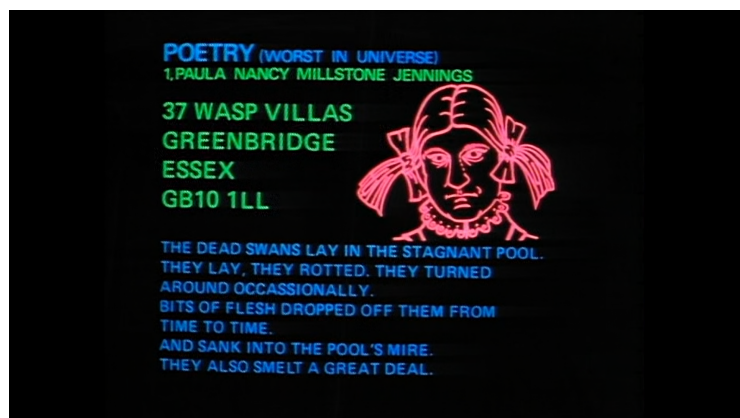


The Guide of The Galaxy Encyclopedia Wikipedia

Arthur Dent Discovered that book and Has Been Merged Every Oldest Advanced Technology Device has Become into One Newly Encyclopedia Device Called “The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy Encyclopedia Book” Yet Likely Arthur Dent “What is the The Vogon?” The Narrator said “Vogons is a They are one of the most unpleasant Alien race in Milky Way Galaxy. Not actually evil, but bad-tempered, bureaucratic, officious and callous. They wouldn’t even lift a finger to save their own Forgotten grandmothers from the Hungry and Angry Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal, The Paperwork Project of the Paper Bureaucracy Project would be without orders—signed in triplicate, sent in, sent back, queried, lost, found, subjected to public inquiry, lost again, and finally buried in soft peat Garden Holes for three months and recycled as firelighters. The best way to get a drink out of a Vogon is to stick your finger down his throat, and the best way to irritate him is to feed his grandmother to the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal. On no account should you allow a Vogon to read poetry at you. And Unfortunately The

Vogon Poetry Very Bad Stuff Likely Human Poetry is good or Bad, But Vogon Poetry Story has Been Forbidden By Various Alien Races and Even Humans Forbidden to the Vogon Poetry, Azgoths of Kria are Male-Gendered Obesity Humanoid Alien Race who also Makes a Badly Poetry as Vogons, The most famous Azgoth poet was Grunthos the Flatulent, whose work include such works as Ode to a Small Lump of Green Putty I Found in My Armpit One Midsummer Morning and My Favourite Bathtime Gurgles. This His Audience Would Lack of Joy and Making More Boredom and Very Sleepy Tired to this Poetry, The absolute worst poetry in the Milky Way Galaxy was written by Paula Nancy Millstone Jennings of Greenbridge, Essex, England, but it was destroyed with the Earth. For this reason, the Azgoths of Kria now have the absolute worst poetry in the universe. Paula Nancy Millstone Jennings She made an Very Badly Children's Poetry With Gross Humorous Story thus Entirely Human Children Would Booing At her The Children Audience Throwing Food, One of Which One Loudly Boy Said "FOOOOODFIIIGHT!!!!" Thus Foodfight of Poetry begins, This Paula's Parents are Sad To Cry Because Paula Nancy Millstone Jennings's are Very Bad and Unlucky Evening Of this Story later When She Grow up her age is 27, Her Poetry Continued to The Worst Experience Her Audience are Also Growing up, Thus A Fully Grown Man Said "FOOOOODFIIIGHT" This Throwing Foods Like Fruits, Vegetables, Meats and Other Foods Begun Throwing at Her Because Her Poem is Very Bad, Paula Nancy Millstone Jennings Was Born in May 4th 1920, Paula Nancy Millstone Jennings Obsessed With Radio is Henry Aldrich, Henry Aldrich's Mom is Mrs Alice Aldrich said Loudly "HEN-REEEEEEEEEEEEEE! Hen-ree Al-drich" This Henry Aldrich Speaking in a Little High Pitch yet Normal Man Voice with General American mixed With

Canadian Accent said "Coming Mom!" and When She was 14 Years old In 1952 she watching I Love you Lucy and Later when she was a 27 years old in 2002 she watching a The New Woody Woodpecker Show Cartoon, and Thus December 1st 2025 she died at her age of 50 because She has Bad Thing was Poetry, she was The Good Girl of New Literature rather than Poetry and She now Becomes a Good Storyteller for New Highly Good Successfully Did."





MY VERSION OF HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY





II

The Second Journey

The Time Traveling Lady from Present Day

A Portuguese Lady Named Christine Agripino who she saw And Traveling to Unique City from England when she saw a Telephone Booth and the telephone booth has a Four Time Traveling Buttons are Past, Present and Future and It has a Parallel Universe Button which is the fourth button, She Traveling to the World War 2 she saw A Italian East Africa would Still Survive and Still Exist in Entire 1940s to late 1959 because it gain one independence to have new Culture and a New Country Called Horn of African Republic. Others they discovered a new Continental Called Equestria, There Pony or My Little Pony Species has Been Conquered by Humans thus My Little Pony Species is Now Extinct mostly Pony folks and Others Which has been Conquered by Humans only. A mysterious Yet Friendly Energy Being Named Lexi Joyhart who she has no Psychological Appearance she is the weakest and merged into Ability for Christine. A Reviewer Named Doug Walker was Unfortunately Screaming Was Now Stunning infinity because the time went broken, The Clocks was Exploded by Chronium, Thus the Time

went stopped infinite, His Face Still Screaming of the Organic Statue. An English Businessman Named Henrich Chapman Jr who he was a Son of the Deceased Actor Graham Chapman. He still Alive But he stunned Too long By Chronium. Unique Humanoid Alien Race Who simply Known as “Unidentified Humanoid Alien Race or U.H.A.R.” Later Known as Vetrosian.



THE TIME TRAVELING LADY FROM PRESENT DAY



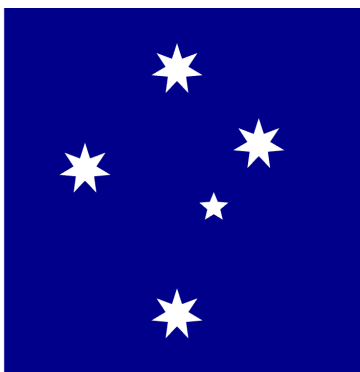
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THE TIME TRAVELING LADY FROM PRESENT DAY



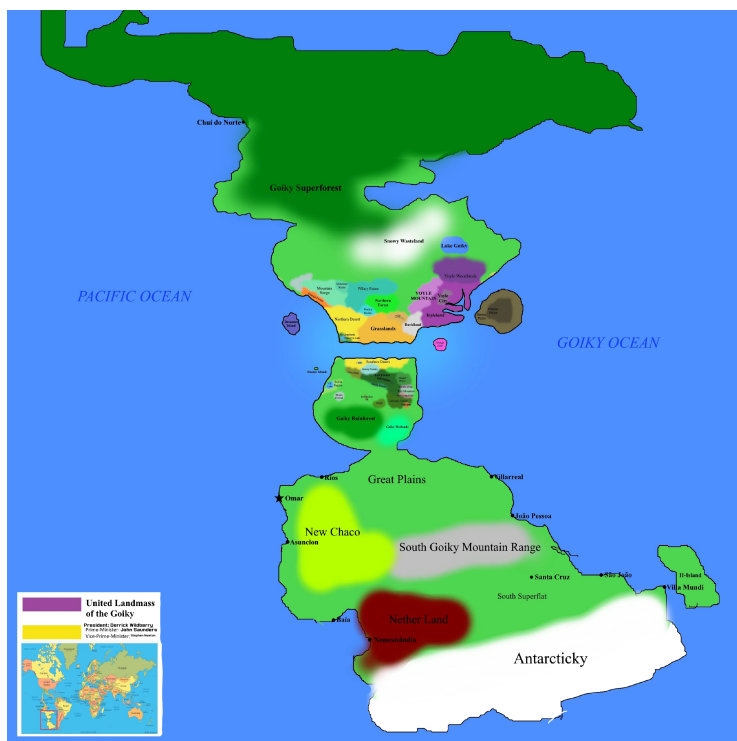
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The Newly Alien Race Government

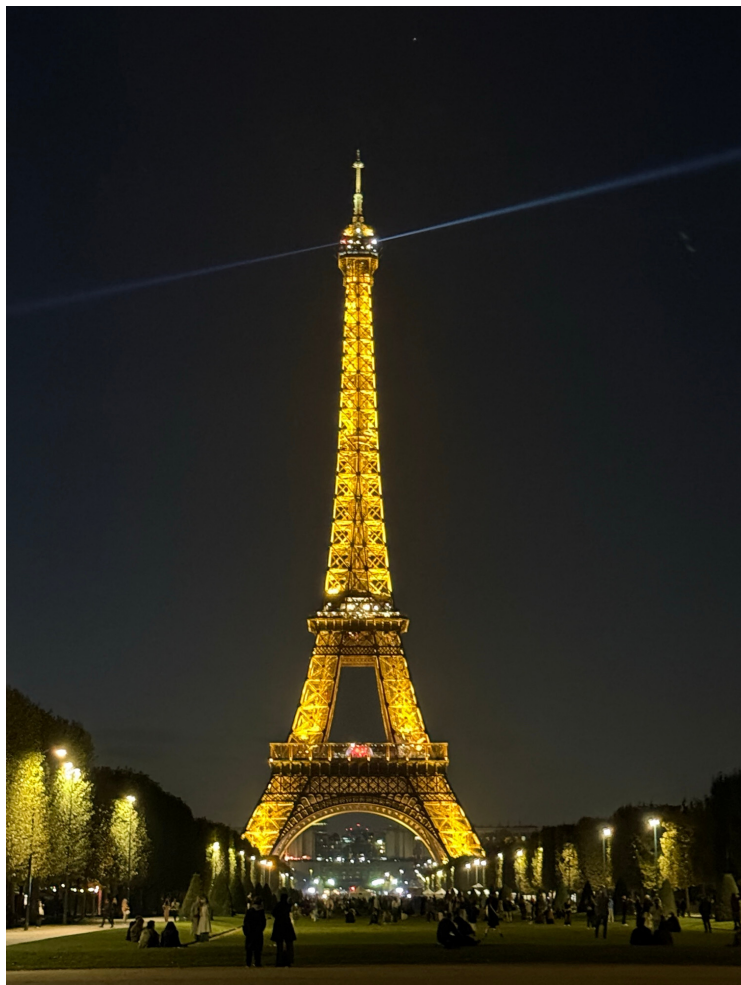
Each Various Friendly Behaving Alien Race Are Friendliest Towards to Humans Still Likely Making Best Relationship of Friendly Aliens and Humans. To Make Society of Humans Better. Their Advanced Technology for Various Alien Race and Humans. And There Humans Give To Various Alien Race Culture Individuals was Food and Drinks and Photography Pictures To Give Excellent Memories. But There's also Humans Mentioned 3 Alien Species That Would Reveal Named For Tomorrow Only.

THE NEWLY ALIEN RACE GOVERNMENT









THE NEWLY ALIEN RACE GOVERNMENT







MY VERSION OF HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

